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ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO MY MOTHER.

Love's balmy kiss, love's balmy kiss,
What comfort doth that pledge impart!
And sheddeth rays of purest bliss
Upon the sorrow-stricken heart:
Like flowers dropping 'neath the sun
Reviveth in the evening dew,
It soothes our life, with woe o'errun,
And gives, as 'twere, existence new.

Love's fond caress, love's fond caress,
It strews the path of life with flowers,
And kindly its endearments bless
Our chequer'd way, our fleeting hours:
When sickness her pale mantle throws
O'er us, it mitigates our pain—
It cheers our hearts, it soothes our woes,
It smiles, and all is well again.

Think not this is the woman's love
That twines so closely round the heart;
Such blandishments it is above,
Purer the joys it doth impart:
Oh, no! the richest treasure given
Is that which sorrow can remove—
The choicest, richest gift of Heaven
Is sure a tender mother's love.

SELIM.

STANZAS TO — ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Blossom of vernal sweetness, lovely rose,
Once more I tune the long-neglected lay,
To hail the sun, whose favouring beams disclose
Improving beauties with this genial day.

Propitious day! still as the circling year
Renews its course, may 'st thou, at each return,
Vell'd in fresh showers of op'ning bliss appear,
While health's gay fires with purer ardour burn.

And may the joys and graces still, as now,
Play round her form, and flush her artless cheek,
While taste and virtue crown the polished brow,
And thro' her eyes the native feelings speak.

The while some youth, by nature's partial love,
Form'd in the mould of genius, worth and sense,
In early prime her virgin heart shall move,
And hymen's torch its brightest ray dispense.

Thus does, sweet maid, the strain of friendship glow,

Gilding thy life in colours of the morn—

A spring-time life, unclouded by wintry woe,
Day without cloud, a rose without a thorn.

GERTRUDE.

IMPROMPTU TO —

What! ask me why I am so sad?
I cannot tell for why;
Yet if I could, I surely would,
With all my heart, comply.

A secret pang lies beneath
My weary little heart;
And glad I'd be, if I could flee
The agonising smart.

And yet, for why I cannot tell,
That I endure the pain;
But this I know, and tell it you,
To rid it would be vain.

You say 'tis love—I won't declare,
Perhaps it may be so;
Be as it will, I say it still,
I cannot own it so.

"AULD LANG SYNE."

O time, my friend, thine eyes away
From where past pleasures shine,
The future boasts as bright a ray
As auld lang syne.

The rising beam is sure more bright
Than that that's in the decline,
And hope can yield us more delight
Than auld lang syne.

Then catch the joys that tow'rd thee fly,
And joys down by resign;
For soon their wings will bear them by
To auld lang syne.

Oh! say 'till thou so, that hope's bright rays
May gild this heart of mine,
As bright as in enchanted days
Of auld lang syne.

Alas! from hope I've heard before

Such cheering tales as thine!

Been cheated, and but wept the more

For auld lang syne.

Hope ne'er can bid a star to rise

With beams as bright to shine,

As those that sparkle in the skies
Of auld lang syne.

Hope's but a wandering wild-fire gleam,

That o'er the swamp may shine;

But, oh! serene's the moon-light beam
Of auld lang syne.

Oh! tell me not "in childhood's hours

The flow'rs with thorns did twine!"

Those thorns were young, as were the flow'rs
Of auld lang syne.

Thorns' teeth our feet now stronger grow,

While all the flow'rs decline;

We'll tread no flow'ry path below
Like auld lang syne.

The future 'll fade—as soon the hour
On which I now recline;
But time and change have little pow'r
O'er auld lang syne.

LINDEN.

THE MORALIST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Wherever the "angel of affliction" has scattered the dews of sorrow, the feeling heart cannot but extend its sympathy to the sufferer, whether they be endeared by the ties of affection and friendship, only acquaintances, or entire strangers: to know that they are mourners is sufficient to excite compassion—grief commands even from the rude wanderer of the forest a degree of reverence—the vilest, hardest heart, cannot avoid being touched on beholding another's woe!—at the approach of sorrow, the gayest bosom is saddened, the smile of thoughtless joy vanishes, and mirth passes away like a summer cloud.

I was once a visitor where one alone wore the "weeds of woe" she loved, was beloved and happy—but "death had been there," and her hopes withered before his deadly touch!—neither had she the consolation of receiving his last sad smile—or of hearing the farewell blessing of him whom she had loved fondly and faithfully—he died far away—no kind hand was near to smooth his pillow, or dry the cold dew on his brow—he was in a land of strangers—and strangers laid him in the lonely grave. She heard it in silence—she has borne it in silence—none hear her complain—but I have watched the faintness of the unwelcome smile—I have seen the involuntary tear, when others thought she was engaged with the trifles around her. I read in her restless eyes, and discovered by the convulsive sigh that her thoughts were not as our thoughts—but were with him who slumbered in the cold earth! Months passed away, and I returned to the same spot, and met the same little circle of friends, gathered around her—I was observing attentively a likeness that hung in the room, and which brought to my recollection scenes that had long rested in the shades of memory—for it resembled some one who had been an actor in them, and I was endeavouring to remember his name—the enquiry, "do you know the original?" interrupted my reverie, and I was then told who he was—I had seen him—a foolish, foppish mortal, who seemed to possess but a small share of common sense—and whose trifling giddy behaviour had disgusted me, and I was almost led to exclaim with Cowper, "Then what is man?" and what man seeing this, and having human feelings, does not blush and hang his head?" on seeing such a man? There was another likeness opposite, and my attention was drawn towards it—"That," said one to me, "is the resemblance of our friend, you never knew him?" No! I answered, and with a sigh and an involuntary shudder, I turned away and resumed my seat—I surveyed the being before me still in the deep garb of mourning—and blushed to think it possible, that he whom she had loved, and mourned over, was placed near the idle trifler, who had flattered a moment like the butterfly of a summer's day, and then departed. I looked at her to see if no change passed over her countenance—on my observing the likeness so incongruously placed, I perceived none! alas! alas! thought I, is human nature thus weak? does the heart so soon lose the traces of those whose living images were engraven there?—had as many years as months elapsed, I would have deemed it sacrilege, thus to place the living with the dead—no worthy of perpetual remembrance and regard, with the puerile creature scarcely deserving a transient thought! but perhaps all do not think and feel as I do—there were others there who appeared to notice no inconsistency in it, but the circumstance made a deep impression on my mind, and imparted a feeling of melancholy that remained during my stay, and returns whenever I recur to it.

I will not say her love had waned, that would be pearls wringing her unjustly—but the appearance was painful to one who had known her situation—her mind was one that had not advanced beyond mediocrity in the scale of refinement, and she might see no impropriety in it, therefore I was willing to excuse a little of that charity which covereth a multitude of faults, but could not help feeling a diminution in my esteem, and doubted a little the depth of her sorrow.

MARTHA.

To suppose these desolations (plagues and earthquakes) the scourge of Heaven for human impieties, is a dreadful reflection, and yet to suppose ourselves in a forlorn and fatherless world, is ten times a more frightful consideration. In the first case, we may reasonably hope to avoid destruction by the amendment of our manners; in the latter, we are kept incessantly alarmed by the blind rage of warring elements.

Take a plain man with an honest heart, give him his bible and make him conversant in it, and I will engage for him that he will never be at a loss how to act agreeably to his duty, in every circumstance of life.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

There is a circumstance related of Cromwell, which in refinement of policy as well as in magnificence, is scarcely perhaps to be paralleled in history. When Cromwell was ambassador in England from the Court of Spain, though he was treated with marks of uncommon attention by Cromwell, he could never be prevailed upon to betray any State secret, or enter into any measures whatever in favor of the Protector's views; yet still the latter was too cunning for him, for while he was making great naval preparations for a war against Spain, he had the address to make his minister believe that the fleet was destined for another purpose; and in this manner he amused him, till the burning of the galleons

by Blake opened his eyes. Cardenas resented so much, that when he was recalled, he traversed every proposal of Cromwell's at the Court of Madrid, so that while he remained there in office, the Protector found he was not likely to carry any point. He therefore determined on the destruction of this minister, though it was no easy matter to effect this, as his credit was great not only with the king his master, but with the whole Spanish court. Cromwell, however, conceived a way which he thought would effectually accomplish his ruin; and to put it in execution, he sent for the keeper of Newgate, and asked him many questions concerning the qualifications of his different prisoners, and among the rest wished to know whether he had in custody any one remarkable for house-breaking. The jailer told him, there was a fellow under the sentence of death, that he believed could get in or out of any house in the world if his hands were at liberty. The Protector ordered the man to be brought privately to him, but the fellow was such a miserable wretch, gone wretch, that Cromwell stood astonished at the sight of him, and more so at the specimens of his art, which he practised at the instance of the keeper, on locks of the most curious contrivance; these, though of different forms, he readily opened, and said, there was never a lock made that he would not undertake to open in the same manner. The keeper was then ordered to withdraw, and the Protector, after some private discourse with the thief, remanded him to Newgate, under the same guard which brought him. But at the close of the night, he sent a trusty person to Newgate, with a warrant to the keeper for the criminal's release, and orders to bring him again into his presence to receive some instructions. When the fellow came the second time, the Protector showed him the plan of a garden and pavilion, into which he was to make his way by opening a certain number of locks, each of which had three keys; and then he asked him if he thought he could effect it, promising him not only free pardon, but a considerable reward for his pains. The man said he would. The Protector told him that he should be conducted to the place where the service was to be performed, and then he would have a letter given him, which he was to drop under a table that he would find in the middle of a pavilion, as there represented in the plan. This was all the fellow was entrusted with, and care was taken to provide him with suitable apparel, and every thing necessary for his journey, and the service he was about to perform; so that he no sooner received his instructions, than he was hurried off immediately, and put on board the vessel that was to carry him to Spain. The person to whom care was taken, had his instructions likewise; but as the one did not know where he was to be carried, so the other was not acquainted with the business of his companion, when he had brought him to the appointed place and given him the letter, but was instantly to give him to himself, and repair to Venice with another letter, which he was to deliver to the English envoy there. Each of these performed his service punctually. The letter which the felon carried, was addressed to Don Cardenas, Secretary of State to the King of Spain, and was written in English, with Cromwell's own hand, thanking him for the care he had taken to perform his engagements, and acquainting him that the twenty thousand pounds sterling which had been stipulated, was lodged in the bank of Venice for his use, and that he might draw for it whenever he pleased. This letter, as Cromwell had foreseen, was picked up by the king, whose custom was to repair to that pavilion every morning, to deliberate on the affairs of the nation, and to read despatches, as well as to receive the assistance of his council. The king knowing the hand, but not understanding the contents, was greatly alarmed, and sent immediately for the English agent, who read the letter to his Majesty, but protested his ignorance as to any secret intelligence between Cardenas and his master, who he said, was of such a temper as never to intrust a second person with things of that nature. This increased his apprehensions; and when the council assembled, Cardenas was ordered to withdraw, and the letter was produced by the king, with an account of its contents, and the manner of finding it; adding that Cardenas was, indeed, the last man that he had seen, except his Majesty, the evening before it was found. All unanimously pronounced him a traitor; and his whole conduct while at the English court was recalled to mind, and urged as the proof of it; but his Majesty, whose affection for him was sincere, was unwilling to judge so rashly of him without further evidence and knowing the artifices of courtiers to disgrace or supplant one another in their prince's favor, and that it might not be impossible but that some other of the council might counterfeit such a letter, and I drop it there with the design of ruining Cardenas, proposed to trace the affair to the bottom by a passing sentence, by sending to Venice to know if such a precise sum was lodged in the bank there, by whom lodged and for whose use. His Majesty's proposal was thought reasonable, and a messenger was immediately despatched to the Spanish minister at Venice, to make strict inquiry into the above particulars. The messenger returned, and brought with him the original order, dated the same day with a letter to Cardenas, written with the same hand, and to remove all suspicion, sealed with the Protector's own seal. There now remained no farther doubt, Cardenas was infamous degraded, and his estate confiscated; but his Majesty, on account of his great age and long services, thought fit to spare his life.

Every particular in the history of works of genius, and in the character of their authors, ought to interest posterity. The following sketch of Cromwell's habits of composition, is from Lee Lewis's Anecdotes, and the subsequent remarks on the "Deserted Village," from Walter Scott's Lives of the Novelists.

Goldsmit, though quick enough at prose, was rather slow at poetry—not from the tardiness of fancy, but from the time he took in pointing the sentiment, and polishing the versification. He was by his own confession, 4 or 5 years collecting material in all his country excursions for one poem, and was actually engaged in the construction of it above two years. His manner of writing poetry was, in the first sketch of his ideas as they occurred to him; and then sat carefully down to verify them, correct them, and add such other ideas as he thought better fitted to the subject. He sometimes would exceed his prose design by writing several verses impromptu, but these he would not incorporate into his poem, as from time to time, catches the slightest air, or breath of the now more than ever loved one who lies under the hand

The writer of these Memoirs (Lee Lewis) called upon the Doctor the second morning after he had begun the "Deserted Village," and to him he communicated the plan of his poem.

"Some of my friends," continued he, differ from me on this plan, and think this depopulation of villages does not exist—but I am satisfied of the fact. I remember in my own country, and have seen it in this. He then read what he had done of it that morning, beginning—

"Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I kitter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!"

How often have I passed on every claim—
The shelter'd cot—the cultivated farm—
The never failing brook—the busy mill—
The decent church, that tops the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking ages and whispering lovers made!

"Come," says he, "let me tell you this is no morning's work; and now my dear boy if you are not better engaged, I should be glad to enjoy a holiday with you."

The happy day given to the "Deserted Village," so full of natural elegance simplicity, and pathos, was of the warmest kind. The publisher showed at once his skill and generosity by pressing upon Mr. Goldsmith a hundred pounds, which the author insisted upon returning, when, upon computation, he found that it came to nearly a crown for every couplet, a sum which he considered no poem could be worth. The sale of the poem made him amends for the unusual distance of moderation. Lisson, near Ballyhamon, where his brother the clergyman, and his living, claims the poet as being the seat from which the localities of the "Deserted Village" were derived. The church, which tops the neighbouring hill, the mill and the lake, are still pointed out by the admirers of the bard who desired to have classical touch pick cases and tobacco-stoppers. Much of this supposed locality may be fanciful, but it is a pleasing tribute to the poet in the land of his fathers.

The latter author thus concludes his examination of that ever popular work the "Vicar of Wakefield."

"We read the Vicar of Wakefield in youth and in age. We return to it again and again, and bless the memory of an author who contrives so well to reconcile us to human nature. Whether we choose the pathetic and distressing incidents of the fire, and the scenes at the jail, or the lighter and humorous parts of the story we find the best and truest sentiments enforced in the most beautiful language; and perhaps few characters of pure dignity have been described than that of the excellent parson, raising above sorrow and oppression, and labouring for the conversion of those felons into whose company he had been thrust by his villainous creditor."

In too many works of this class, the critics must apologize for or censure particular passages in the narrative, as unfit to be pursued by youth and innocence. But the wreath of Goldsmith remains unsullied; he wrote to exalt virtue and expose vice; and he accomplished his task in a manner which raises him to the highest rank among British authors. We close his volume with a sigh that such an author should have written so little for the world, and in his own person, and that he should have been so prematurely removed from the sphere of literature which he adorned."

THE LADIES' FRIEND.

Woman, about whose life a lustre of interest is thrown by a charm that imparts a witchery to every thing that comes within her path, is often doomed, by man's inconstancy, to retire from the world, and waste a life in silent sorrow, amidst the ruins of blasted hope, with no companion but her own reflection.

It is for such, that the agonies of the hardest heart are melted into sympathetic tears of pity. Manhood itself, reprobates the machinations of a deceiver, and stamps the curse of infamy on him who leads innocence captive to his designing treachery. He that is unprincipled and unfeeling enough to trifle with the finer feelings of the heart—who can, unmoved, read the life of the fairest rose that ever exhaled fragrance or expanded beauty—can he blame the flowery path of her into whose existence happiness is bursting at every step.

And murder while he smiles."

Like the serpent Evey, he secretly wreaths his coils and slowly prepares for the fatal spring. Against her eyes, and smiles of an angel, he wears the mask of a serpent, and there he lies, waiting for the victim who is to be sacrificed to his insatiable thirst for the agonies of blasted hope—the relief from the bankruptcy of the heart.

WOMAN.

A work just published in England, entitled "Tales by the O'Hara Family," furnishes the following touching tribute to women—to the general truth and justice of which, though perhaps a little in the extreme of coloring, the feelings of every man in whom the hand of severe sickness has been laid, will invariably respond. It has been often remarked, that in sickness there is no heart like woman's heart, no heart like woman's heart, and there is no man's heart more well with unutterable sorrow and apprehension may render his mind, yet place him by the sick couch, and in the shadow rather than the light of the sad lamp that watches it, let him have to count over the long dull hours of night, and wait alone and sleepless, the struggle of the grey dawn into the chamber of suffering; let him be appointed to this ministry even for the sake of the brother of his heart, of the father of his being, and his greater sorrow, even where it is most perfect, will tire, his eye will close, and his spirit grow impatient of the dreary task, and though he and anxiety remain undiminished, his mind will own to itself a creeping, in of irrepressible aches, which indeed he may be ashamed of and struggle to reject, but which, despite of all his efforts, remains to characterize his nature, and prove, in one instance at least, his manly weakness. But see a mother, a sister, or a wife, in his place. The woman feels no weariness, owns no degree of weariness of self. In silence, and in the depth of night she dwells, not only passively, but as far as the qualified term may express our meaning, joyously. Her ear acquires a woman's instinct, as from time to time, catches the slightest stir, or breath of the now more than ever loved one who lies under the hand

of human affliction. Her step, as in obedience to an impulse or a signal would not waken a mouse; if the speaker, her accents are to the sick man's ear, conveying all that sound can convey of pity, comfort and devotion; and thus, night after night she tends him like a creature sent from a higher world, when all earthly watchfulness has failed—her eye never winking, her mind never palled, her nature, that at all other times is weakness, now gaining a superhuman strength, and magnanimity; herself forgotten, and her act alone predominant.

RICHARD COEUR DE LION & SALADIN.

FROM THE TALISMAN.

On the day before that appointed for the combat, Conrad and his friends set off by daybreak to repair to the place assigned, and Richard left the camp at the same hour, and for the same purpose; but as he had agreed upon, he took his journey by a different route, a precaution which had been judged necessary, to prevent the possibility of a quarrel between their armed attendants.

The good king himself was in no humor for quarrelling with any one. Nothing could have added to his pleasurable anticipation of a desperate and bloody combat in the lists except his being in his own royal person one of the combatants; and he was half in charity again even with Conrad of Montserrat—lightly armed, richly dressed, and gay as a bridegroom on the eve of his nuptials. Richard caroled along by the side of Queen Berengaria's litter, pointing out to her various scenes through which they passed, and cheering with tale and song the bosom of the inhospitable wilderness.

The Diamond of the Desert, so lately solitary, and distinguished only amidst the waste by solitary groups of palm-trees, was now the centre of an encampment, the embroidered flags and gilded ornaments of which glittered far and wide, and reflected a thousand rich tints against the setting sun. The coverings of the large pavilions were of the gayest colors, scarlet, bright yellow, pale blue, and other gaudy and gleaming hues, and the tops of their pillars or tent poles, were decorated with golden pomegranates, and small silk flags. But, besides these distinguished pavilions, there were what Thomas de Vaux considered as portions of a number of the ordinary black tents of the Arabs, being sufficient as he conceived, to accommodate, according to the Eastern fashion, an host of five thousand men. A number of Arabs and Kurds, fully corresponding to the extent of the encampment, were hastily assembling, each leading his horse in his hand, and their muster was accompanied by an astonishing clamour of their noisy instruments of martial music, by which in all ages, the warfare of the Arabs has been animated.

They soon formed a deep and confused mass of dismounted cavalry in front of their encampment, when, at the signal of a shrill cry, which arose high over the clangour of the music, each cavalier springing to his saddle. A cloud of dust rising at the moment of this movement, hid from Richard and his attendants, the camp, the palm-trees, and the distant ridge of mountains, as well as the troops whose sudden movement had raised the cloud, and, ascending high over their heads, formed itself into the fantastic forms of whirling pillars, domes, and minarets. Another shrill yell was heard from the bosom of this cloudy tabernacle. It was the signal for the cavalry to advance, which they did at full gallop, disposing themselves, as they came forward, so as to come in at once on the front, flanks, and rear of Richard's little body-guard who were thus surrounded, and almost choked by the dense clouds of dust enveloping them on each side, through which they were seen alternately and lost the grim forms and wild faces of the Saracens, brandishing and tossing their lances in every possible direction, with the wildest cries and halloo, and frequently only leaving the forms of men with a spears length of the Christians, while those in the rear discharged over the heads of both parties thick volleys of arrows.

As they had advanced nearly half way towards the camp, King Richard and his suit forming, as it were, the nucleus round which this tumultuous body of horsemen howled, whopped, skinned, and galloped, creating a scene of indescribable confusion another shrill cry was heard, on which all these irregulars, who were on the front and upon the flanks of the little body of Europeans, were dismounted, and forming themselves into a loose and deep column, followed with comparative order and silence in the rear of Richard's troop.

The dust began now to dissipate in their front, when they advanced to meet them, through that cloudy veil, a body of cavalry of a different and more regular description, completely armed with offensive and defensive weapons, and who might well have served as a body-guard to the proudest of Eastern monarchs—Each horse in that troop, which consisted of five hundred men, was worth an earl's ransom. The riders were Georgian and Circassian slaves, in the very prime of life, their helms and hauberts were formed of steel rings, so bright that they shone like silver; their vestures were of the gayest colors, and some of cloth of gold or silver; the saddles were twisted with silk and gold; their rich turbans were plumed and jewelled; and their sabres and poniards of Damascus steel, were adorned with gold and gems on hilt and scabbard.

This splendid troop advanced to the sound of military music, and when they met the Christian body, they opened their files to the right and left, and let them enter between their ranks. Richard now assumed the foremost place in his troop, aware that Saladin himself was approaching. Nor was it long when, in the centre of his body-guard, surrounded by his domestic officers, and those hideous negroes who guard the eastern sultan, and whose misshapen forms were rendered still more frightful by the richness of their attire, came the Sultan, with the look and manners of one whose brow Nature had written: "This is a king!" In his snow-white turban, vest, and wide Eastern trousers, wearing a sash of scarlet silk, without any other ornament, Saladin might have seemed the most plain-dressed man in his own guard. But closer inspection discerned in his turban that metamorphic gem, which was called by the poets, the Sea of Light; the diamond on which his signet was engraved, and which he wore in a ring, was probably worth all the jewels of the English crown, and a sapphire, which terminated the hilt of his scabbard, was of not much inferior value. It should be added, that to protect him from the dust, which, in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, rises when the forest sails, or, perhaps, not of mortal pride, the Sultan wore a sort of veil, reaching to his turban, which partly obscured the view of his noble features. He rode a milk-white Arabian, which bore

him as if conscious and proud of his noble birth.

There was no need of further introduction. The two heroic monarchs, for such they both were, threw themselves at once from horseback, and the troops halting and the music suddenly ceasing, they advanced to meet each other in profound silence, and, after a courteous inclination on either side, they embraced as brethren and equals. The pomp and display upon both sides attracted no further notice—no one saw either king, Richard and Saladin, and they, too, beholding but each other. The looks with which Richard surveyed Saladin were, however, more intensely curious than those which the Sultan fixed upon him, and the Sultan also was the first to break silence.

"The Melec Ric is welcome to Saladin as water to this desert. I trust he hath no distrust of this numerous army. Excepting the armed slaves of my household, those who surround you, with eyes of wonder and of welcome, are, even the household of mine, the privileged nobles of my thousand tribes; for who that could claim a title to be present would remain at home when such a prince was to be seen as Richard, with the terrors of whose name, even on the sands of Yemen, the nurse still her child, and the free Arab soldiers his restive steed."

"And these are all nobles of Arab?" said Richard, looking around on wild forms with their persons covered with haicks, their countenances swart with the sunbeams, their teeth as white as ivory, their black eyes glancing with fierce and preternatural lustre from under the shade of their turbans, and their dress being in general simple, even to meanness.

"They claim such rank," said Saladin; "but though numerous, they are within the conditions of the treaty, and bear no arms but the sabre."

"Noble Saladin," said Richard, "supplend and thou cannot exist on the same ground—Soe thou," pointing to the litters—"I too have thought some champions with me, though armed, perhaps, in breach of agreement, for bright eyes and fair features are weapons which cannot be left behind."

The Sultan, turning to the litters, made an obeisance as lowly as looking towards Mecca, and kissed the sand in token of respect. "May," said Richard,—"they will not fear a closer encounter, brother; with thou not ride towards their litters, and the curtains will be presently withdrawn."

"That may Allah prohibit," said Saladin; "since none an Arab looks on who would not think it shame to the noble ladies to be seen by their faces uncovered. But will thy servant pass to the tent which his servant hath prepared for him? My principal black slave hath taken order for the reception of the Princess—the officers of my household will attend your followers, and myself will be the chamberlain of the royal Richard."

He led the way accordingly to a splendid pavilion, where was every thing that royal luxury could devise. De Vaux, who was in attendance, then removed the shawls, (supers), or long riding-cloak which Richard wore, and he stood before Saladin in the close dress which showed to advantage the strength and symmetry of his person, while it being a strong contrast to the flowing robes which disguised the thin frame of the Eastern monarch. It was Richard's two-handed sword that chiefly attracted the attention of the Saracen, a broad straight blade, the seemingly unwieldy length of which extended well nigh from the shoulder to the heel of the wearer.

"Had I not," said Saladin, "seen this brand flaming in the front of battle, like that of Azael, I had scarce believed that human arm could wield it. Might I request to see the Melec Ric strike one blow with it in peace, and in pure trial of strength?"

"Willingly, noble Saladin," answered Richard, and looking around for something whereon to exercise his strength, he saw a steel mare, held by one of the attendants, the handle being of the same metal, and about an inch and a half in diameter—this he placed on a block of wood.

The anxiety of De Vaux for his master's honor led him to whisper, in English, "For the blessed Virgin's sake, beware what you attempt, my leg! Your full strength is not as yet returned—give no triumph to the infidel!"

"Peace, fool!" said Richard, standing firm on his ground, and casting a fierce glance around—"thinkest thou that I can fail in his presence?"

The glittering broadsword, wielded by both his hands, rose aloft to the King's left shoulder, circled round his head, descended with the sway of some terrific engine, and the bar of iron rolled on the ground in two pieces, as a woodman would sever a sapling with a hedging-bill.

"By the head of the Prophet, a most wonderful blow!" said the Sultan, critically and accurately examining the iron bar which had been cut asunder; and the blade of the sword was so well tempered as to exhibit not the least token of having suffered by the feat it had performed. He then took the King's hand, and looking on the size and muscular strength which it exhibited, laughed as he placed beside it his own, so lank and thin, so inferior in brawn and sinew.

"Ay, look well," said De Vaux, in English, "it will be long ere your long jack-an-ape fingers do much a feat with your fine gilded reaping hook there."

"Silence, De Vaux," said Richard, "by our Lady, he understands or guesses thy meaning—be not so broad, I pray thee."

The Sultan, indeed, presently said—"Something I would fain attempt—yet, wherefore should the weak show their cowardly presence of the strong? Yet, each hand hath its own exercises, and this may be new to the Melec Ric."—So saying, he took from the floor a cushion of silk and down, and placed it upright on one end—"Can thy weapon sever that cushion?" he said to King Richard.

"No, surely," replied the King "no sword on earth, were it the Excalibur of King Arthur, can cut that which opposes so steady resistance."

"Mark, then," said Saladin, and picking up the shawl of his gown, showed his arm, long, indeed and spare, but which could increase had hardened into a mass consisting of iron, but bone, brawn, and sinew. He sheathed his scimitar, a curved and narrow blade, which glittered not like the sword of the Franks, but was, on the contrary, of a dull blue color, marked with ten millions of sparkling lines, which showed how the metal had been welded by the armorer. Wielding this weapon, apparently so inefficient when compared to that of Richard, the Sultan stood resting his weight upon his left foot, which was slightly advanced; he balanced himself a little as if to steady his arm, then stepping at once forward, drew the scimitar across the cushion, applying the edge so dexterously, and with

[illegible]



HUMAN TIME PIECE

The gallant American left fortune and friends, for death or for liberty, his motto attend; Determined to fight for his country and home, And the pathway of glory and honour to roam.

For that was his cry, "To conquer or die!" With his country's flag He'd the enemy defy.

Where the engagement was warm, he trampled o'er slain, And fought his way through, and scorn'd to complain.

For he was an American soldier.

When with peace and with liberty our country was blest, Flash with honour and fame, he again found his rest.

In the arms of his love, with what feelings he'd tell Of the perils and hardships the soldier had felt!

Of the war's dread alarms, 'Mid the clashing of arms, The groans of the dying, The cry of "to arms!"

How they fought, how they conquer'd, through slaughter and war, And came off victorious in spite of the foe, Like a true born American soldier.

His rank being promoted, still burning for fame, For in peace or in war his heart was the same; To his country so faithful, so true to his love, That the laurel and myrtle around him were won.

For his country he bled, When foes did invade; The infernal in numbers, He felt not afraid.

He fought like a hero—he fell like a man— His worth we'll revere, while we cherish his name, For he died an American soldier.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. What is that which is beautiful to behold, but when reversed, or read backwards, is increased in number, changed in object, and becomes hateful in reality?
2. Why are poets like toys?
3. Why ought useful printed books to have a colour in the inside different from black and white?
4. Why is a drayman out of employ like a shipping merchant?
5. Why is one man out of his wits like two men in their senses?
6. What is that which is destroyed, the moment it is uttered?
7. Why is the United States Bank like a newspaper?
8. Why is a lighted candle like Turkey?
9. Why is Chestnut street like a river?

Answers to the conundrums in the Post of the 20th instant.—1. C. (one hundred). Ash (a tree). Cash. 2. Courtship.

Answers to those of last week.—1. The Potato. 2. Glowworm. 3. A Clock. 4. A Looking Glass. 5. A Fox. 6. It is down in the mouth. 7. One is governed by its deity, the other by its knights. 8. Because he is curled. 9. Because it makes hot shot. 10. Because he is thinking. 11. Because he is going to flag. 12. The Tiger. 13. The letter L.

A Frenchman, stopping at a tavern, asked for Jumbo. "There is no such person here," said the landlord. "The not any person I want here, but the beer maker warm and de poken." "Well," answered the landlord, "that is Jumbo." "Ah," said the Frenchman, "you are in de right. I mean Philip."

A grenadier in Marshal Saxe's army, having been taken in the act of plundering, was sentenced to be hanged. What he had stolen was only the value of five shillings, on which the marshal said to him, "You must be a pitiful fellow to risk your life for five shillings." "I beg your pardon, general. I risk it every day for two penny-half penny." The marshal smiled and pardoned him.

Clibber one day calling on Booth, who he knew was at home, a female domestic named Colley took no notice of it at the time, but when a few days after Booth paid him a visit in return, called out from the first floor that he was not home. "How can that be?" said Booth. "Do not hear your voice?" "To be sure you do," replied Clibber, "but what then? I believed your servant named me."

A wealthy merchant who had become bankrupt, was met some time after his misfortune by a friend, who inquired how he was getting on. "Pretty well," said he, "I am upon my legs again." "How—already?" "Yes, I have been obliged to part with my coach and horses, and must now walk."

Two English merchants meeting one day in a coffee-house, one of them in the course of conversation, entered into a pompous display of the extensiveness of his business, and among other things asserted that the mere ink consumed by his clerks amounted annually to at least 30 pounds sterling. The other, by way of trying the old adage, "To shame a lie, tell a greater lie," replied, "poh! do you boast of that trifling?—why I save more than double that sum every year by ordering my clerks to omit the strokes of the P's and the dots of the Q's!"

A French author, who has recently published a *fourth English*, calls himself *putting pen and ink*, (read pen and ink), and translates *Shakespeare's Hamlet's Tale into Cante de Mr. Weller*. The Minister Pitt, he says, was called *Bill*, because he introduced so many bills into Parliament.

A man who had established a tipping-house, was about to erect his sign, and requested his neighbour's advice what inscription to put on it. The man replied, I advise you to write on it, "Beggars made here."

HUMAN TIME PIECE

The following singular account appears in a recent number of a valuable French work, the *Bibliothèque Universelle*. J. B. Chervil, a native of Switzerland, aged 60 has arrived at an astonishing degree of perfection in reckoning time by an internal movement. In his youth he was accustomed to pay great attention to the ringing of bells and vibrations of pendulums, and by degrees he acquired the power of continuing a succession of intervals exactly equal to those which the vibrations or sounds produced. Being on board the steam boat on the lake of Geneva, in July 14, 1822, he engaged to imitate to the crowd about him the lapse of a quarter of an hour or as many minutes and seconds as any one chose to name, and this during a con-

tinued the most diversified with those standing by; and, further to indicate by the voice, the moment when the hand passed over the quarter minutes, or half minutes, or any other subdivision previously stipulated, during the whole course of the experiment. This he did without mistake, notwithstanding the exertions of those about him to distract his attention, and clapped his hand at the conclusion of the time fixed. His own account of it is thus given: "I have acquired by imitation, labor, and patience, a movement which neither thoughts nor labor, nor any thing can stop. It is similar to that of a pendulum, which at each motion of going and returning gives me the space of three seconds, so that twenty of them makes a minute, and these I add to others continually."

For the purpose of pursuing the ostrich, the Arabians train up their best and fleetest horses; and as soon as the hunter comes in sight of his game, he puts his horse into a gentle gallop, so as to keep the ostrich still in sight; yet not to terrify him from the plain into the mountains. Of all known animals that make use of their legs in running, the ostrich is said to be the swiftest. In the chase, therefore, as soon as the bird observes himself pursued at a distance, he begins to run at first but gently, either in search of the danger, or confident of escaping. In this situation he somewhat resembles a man in full speed; his wings, like two arms, keep working with a motion correspondent to that of his legs; and his speed would very soon carry him from the view of his pursuers, but that like the hare, instead of going away in a direct line, he takes his course in circles, while the hunters make a smaller course within, relieve each other, meet him at unexpected turns, and keep him thus employed and followed, till spent with fatigue, and finding all means of escape impossible, he endeavours to hide himself from the enemies he cannot avoid, and covers his head in the sand, or the first thicket he meets. Sometimes, however, he attempts to face his pursuers; and though in general the most gentle animal in nature, when driven to desperation, he defends himself with his beak, his wings and his feet. Such is the force of his motion, that a man would be utterly unable to withstand him in the shock.

To Housewives.—The following remarks from the Boston Medical Intelligencer, in which a good and simple method is suggested to correct the vitiated atmosphere in bed-chambers, is recommended to your particular attention.

Small closets and concealed beds are extremely injurious, especially to young people and invalids. When persons are from necessity obliged to sleep in them, it will be advisable every morning immediately after rising, to displace all the bedclothes, and if the sky be serene, to open the doors and windows. The various methods which luxury has invented to make houses close and warm, contribute not a little to render them unwholesome. No house can be wholesome unless the air has a free passage through it. For which reason, houses ought daily to be ventilated by opening windows, and admitting a current of fresh air into every room.—Beds, instead of being made up as soon as people rise out of them, ought to be turned down, and exposed to the fresh air from the open windows through the day. This will expel any noxious vapor, and cannot fail to promote the health of the inhabitants.



Excellent method of treating CALVES, and of preventing the Milk and a great portion of the Cream during that time.

Put some water on the fire, nearly the quantity that the calf can drink; when it boils, throw into it one or two handfuls of oatmeal, and suffer the whole to boil for a minute. Then leave it to cool until new-milk warm, then mix with it one or two quarts of milk that has stood twelve hours, and has been skimmed—stir the whole, and give it to the calf to drink. At first it is necessary to make the calf drink by presenting the fingers to it; but it soon learns to do without this help, and will grow incomparably faster than by the old method. This method is not only a theoretical truth, but its success is confirmed by experience. The economical advantages resulting from it are as follows: According to the old method, a calf intended for slaughter is made to suck for three weeks, and those intended for a milch cow from six to eight weeks. Supposing the cow gives only a moderate quantity of milk, the value of it will amount, in three weeks, to nearly the value of the calf. If, on the contrary, we rear a calf according to this method, we consume during the three weeks, only three quarts of oatmeal, at most, and the skimmed milk.—Calves that have been brought up by this method, have been always healthy and strong, and not subject to disease. They are not suffered to suck at all, but to have the pure milk of the mother to suck for the first four days; because it has been observed, that the separation after four days is more painful to the mother than when the calf is taken from her soon after its birth. *Amos Farmer.*

TO PRESERVE HAMS.

Having tried several methods of preserving hams from the ravages of bugs and flies, and all having failed, I concluded to try the effect of pepper. I ground some black pepper fine and put it into a box, and as soon as the hams were well soaked and drained, I took them down and dusted the pepper over the raw part, and over the back again. This I have tried two seasons, and neither flies nor bugs touch them. I am satisfied, in my own mind, that it is a sure remedy, and deserves to be generally known. I was induced to try the experiment from the circumstance of knowing that ground pepper, mixed with sweetened water, and the yolk of an egg, would kill flies.

METHEGLIN

is made in the following manner.—Put so much new honey into spring water, that when the honey is dissolved, an egg will sink to the bottom. Boil the liquor for an hour. When cool, barrel it up, adding a spoonful of yeast to ferment it.—Some add vinegar, half an ounce to a barrel, and as much cloves and mace; but I have it very good without any spices. One hundred weight of honey will make a barrel of metheglin as strong as good wine. I once had a barrel made with 90 weight of honey. After fermenting and fining, it was an excellent liquor, some part of which I kept bottled several years—it was the honey taste by age, and grows lighter coloured—but, on the whole, it does not improve by age, like other liquors. *Deane's N. E. Farmer.*

TO PAINTERS.

FOR sale, a quantity of Job Type, set in a Press to a number of the following:—1. Lane Copy, 2. Lane Copy, 3. Lane Copy, 4. Lane Copy, 5. Lane Copy, 6. Lane Copy, 7. Lane Copy, 8. Lane Copy, 9. Lane Copy, 10. Lane Copy, 11. Lane Copy, 12. Lane Copy, 13. Lane Copy, 14. Lane Copy, 15. Lane Copy, 16. Lane Copy, 17. Lane Copy, 18. Lane Copy, 19. Lane Copy, 20. Lane Copy, 21. Lane Copy, 22. Lane Copy, 23. Lane Copy, 24. Lane Copy, 25. Lane Copy, 26. Lane Copy, 27. Lane Copy, 28. Lane Copy, 29. Lane Copy, 30. Lane Copy, 31. Lane Copy, 32. Lane Copy, 33. Lane Copy, 34. Lane Copy, 35. Lane Copy, 36. Lane Copy, 37. Lane Copy, 38. Lane Copy, 39. Lane Copy, 40. Lane Copy, 41. Lane Copy, 42. Lane Copy, 43. Lane Copy, 44. Lane Copy, 45. Lane Copy, 46. Lane Copy, 47. Lane Copy, 48. Lane Copy, 49. Lane Copy, 50. Lane Copy, 51. Lane Copy, 52. Lane Copy, 53. Lane Copy, 54. Lane Copy, 55. Lane Copy, 56. Lane Copy, 57. Lane Copy, 58. Lane Copy, 59. Lane Copy, 60. Lane Copy, 61. Lane Copy, 62. 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